

"...a young American of youth and much beauty. She was in this country on business of her own. With out plan she became involved in affairs between these two empires. She has been the victim of evil fortune, not through fault of her own. Now, I am telling you the truth—when I have gained my purpose of an anti-slavery with you. You may rely upon what I have said, captain. This is the truth, so far as I know it."

"Then why not let them sail for their own country—if she has been injured here why not let her go back to her own country? I am looking for New York. If that be a city of the native land, why not that port as well as any other? And how shall I know your own motives?"

"Count Frederick paused in thought at this. 'True—that is true,' said he. 'Very well, we will search your ship. When we find the young woman let her decide what she wishes to do. If she says she wishes to go back to her home, I will not prevent it. But if she be asked to go back against her will, then I shall take her with me, no matter at what cost. At least she should have the choice of decision—she should not be snatched about like a dumb beast with no collision of her own.'"

"We are quite at one as to that," answered the captain. "Good, we will search the ship—I am authorized to do so. But first these persons in any of the cabin."

"Stay," he added an instant later. "I recall that a short time back there was complaint of noises below deck. I sent some men to look into that. Where are they?"

"He pressed a bell and soon one of his assistant officers came."

"Go, bring me the men I sent to examine the stern a while ago. There was some talk of a noise as of human animals in the hold."

"After a time the officer returned, pushing before him two women. They were the same who had been dispatched on the errand mentioned. But

"Captain—quick!" he exclaimed. "There is trouble with the engines."

"What's wrong?" inquired the ship's master.

"The right-hand tubular has gone bad," exclaimed the engineer. "She has been pounding like a million hammers. The water is low, and the intake is clogged. Something's wrong—I cannot tell what. We have tried to shut her off and can't. The boiler may go at any minute."

"Explosion?" inquired the captain calmly.

"The engineer could only nod."

"Stay," called Frederick at this juncture. "Let the engineer go back to his work. Let us first find the helplessness below. If danger impend let us bring them up to have their chance for safety."

"The captain, a gallant man without, turned to him and nodded grimly. 'Go back to your post, Miller,' he said to the engineer. 'We will join you presently.'"

He himself led the way to the lift which led to the lower decks and the hatchway which covered the ladders into the ship's hold.

They found themselves at last deep in the bowels of the vessel, among the bulk and casks of the cargo, where for a time all was darkness and mystery. But as they hurried here and there, commenting the guidance of the two recent women and casting the rays of their lights hither and yonder, at last they saw a transpiring bundle behind a bulk of goods which seemed to have some human semblance. It was Rolan. Frederick himself was first at his side. He bent over him, freed him, and after a time revived him.

"Monsieur—your excellency!" said he at length. "It is you."

"Where is she?" demanded Frederick. "Was she here?"

"I have known nothing for some time, it seems. Yet she was here, yes—she is gone, I know not where."

Frederick left him to continue his

unhappy cries of these in mortal terror.

Obedient to their orders for a time, the crew held to their posts. The boats were lowered one after another. Yet into each there piled a senseless mass of packed humanity, overcrowding and rendering it useless as it reached the surface of the sea.

Children and women and strong men fought now for a place in the last of the boats. Discipline broke and failed. What had been a happy party of travelers was now a disorganized mob.

His arms supporting Kitty on one side, those of Rolan on the other, Count Frederick did his best to reach the raft. Calmness, however! They were forced back time and again.

"Jump!" cried Frederick at last. "Jump! We will swim for it. We must take the best chance."

The look on the face of the girl at his side was one in part of despair, but more of trust. Unhesitatingly the three sprang together.

The sea closed over them. They rose after an agonized instant which seemed death itself—rose but to see the giant ship which had carried them raise her bows aloft, shiver and tremble, and slowly slide back and down beneath the waves. In the whirlpool which marked the spot they were but little human units, flailing as best they might, among scums and swirls of death.

"This way!" cried Frederick, and he and Rolan added Kitty to a floating piece of wreckage. But others saw it also. Time and again they were caught back from it as others stronger or more remorseless claimed it as their own.

In all this confusion of shouting and struggling men, of weeping women of falling arms and heaving nets, Frederick and Rolan lost sight of Kitty at last—she had gone. They knew not where, in that chaos of the sea.

"Where is she?" demanded Frederick weakly, himself well-nigh spent. "Which way?"

"I know not," gasped Rolan, himself in as bad case as the other. "I cannot tell, but fear that she is gone."

They swam about for a time in search, but could not make out the whereabouts of her whom they sought; then they drifted themselves one on each side of a floating spar and rested.

"Allow me, excellency," said Rolan, and flung across the end of his belt. "Let us fasten fast. I cannot hold much longer."

Spent and hopeless, they rested as they might and allowed fate to have its way with them.

"One boat—the yacht, excellency," exclaimed Rolan at length. "Where is she—the vessel which brought you out?"

Frederick could only shake his head. "Gone," said he. "I doubt not she was scuttled by the heavy ironwork blown out by the explosion. There is no hope."

CHAPTER LXII.

Marooned.

The vessel which blown up was well on her way with the freezing winds which she sought, which in ordinary course would have carried her out into the Mediterranean.

How Count Frederick and Rolan lived they scarcely knew. Happily the water at that latitude was not cold; and the day was one of calm.

"Rolan, she has perished!" murmured Count Frederick. "She is gone. Let me, too, perish then, for I have never been able to say that which I should have said. I have had no opportunity to expiate many things which I have done."

"As well die now as any time," said Rolan.

Wind and wave carried them two far—they knew not how far, and had no means of guessing, for they could not tell how long a time had passed since the explosion which had sunk the ship. They knew not which way to look for land, if land there might be. It was by mere chance that at one moment, as they hung high on the crest of the wave, Count Frederick saw, many hours after the wrecking of the ship, something which caused him to give an exclamation of surprise.

"Rolan," he exclaimed. "There is land ahead. I believe!"

"Look!" said Count Frederick at length. "They are coming out to us."

Surely enough, even from where they were they could see dark forms rounding here and there, could see the launching of a boat, could see it coming on, rising and falling on the waves.

At length the craft came alongside, manned by strange, swarthy natives, whose speech they did not know, yet who seemed friendly enough without to serve as rescuers for them. With small ceremony they were hauled on board, and the boat, turning, made way back again to the shore ahead.

"This is it," said Rolan, said Frederick, after a moment spent in exclamation. "Not so large, but excellent leader foot, is it not true? And the people seem not unfriendly to us."

For a time they had been left alone, but now they saw certain of the natives returning with food and water. Upon these both the shipwrecked adventurers told with eagerness. Their captives stood about and gazed in pleasure. All the wealth of Count Frederick, his gold, his castles, his lands—these things seemed little to care as compared to what these swarthy natives brought him now.

CHAPTER LXIII.

Kitty, the Castaway.

It Count Frederick and Rolan had been dismayed when they saw Kitty Gray swept away from them in the mad struggle for safety in the sea,

what must have been her own feelings as she found herself separated from these powerful friends? Once more she found herself alone—and once more in the blind instinct for self-preservation she did what she could for her own safety.

She dared not think of the fate of her friends. She mourned them now as dead, but still in her subconscious mind kept bitterly fighting the conviction even as it came. And as she argued, she found herself swept away farther and farther from the place where last she had seen them.

In some way, she knew not how, Kitty found herself among many others upon the same considerable piece of wreckage where Rolan and Frederick had endeavored to place her soon after the explosion. Many others now clung to this. She shuddered as she cast a glance about her over the water, and drew closer to the center of the raft. One after another she saw them lose their hold; one after another she saw them carried away by the waves. As for herself, preserved miraculously, she knew not how, she fastened herself as best she could to the frail floating floor and ceased to struggle. Merely her senses left her for a time.

When she came once more slowly and painfully to a realizing sense of what had befallen, she looked about her wearily.

She was alone upon the sea. Of those who had been about her, none were survived! Not far from her a body or two floated, but not a living being was to be seen, not a survivor save herself had found this means of safety.

There was no food. There was no fresh water for her. There was no means of raising a sail, or using an oar, even of heaving a signal sail she had none. And yet the sky above her was so blue and gentle, the sea around her so kind, that all now seemed less terrible than it had been but now. Hungry and thirsty as she was she shuddered as she thought of the added pang that might be hers. She called aloud in her distress, her despair. There came no answer, save in the shrieks of the circling birds which hovered, ghostlike, above her.

The waves bore her onward, she knew not where, and cared not how, for how many hours she could not tell. Face to face with herself, her past, her future, the unhappy girl passed a period of unknown duration, engaged in her own reflections.

It was not her own life she feared to lose, so she said, for life after all was a little thing, a temporary passage at best. But if only she might have lived now for the sake of that which she felt in her own heart—for the sake of that uncompleted period of her own life whose dawn she acknowledged to have seen but now!

He was gone! He had seen him swept away before her very eyes. He was her enemy, who had so often taunted her and defied her, who had fought her in every contest of wit—yet in turn he had aided her to escape and saved her but now—instead of enemy he had turned into friend or more than friend—and he was gone. The sunset of her day came even with its dawn.

"Yes," she said to herself, "he saved me at the cost of his own life." And the life of that other faithful friend, Rolan, the dauntless, too, had been wasted to save her own—the life she now could hold but worthless, when it must be lived alone. They were dead—and she had been the cause of that! What could life hold further for her?

Kitty Gray bent her head down upon her knees. Her hair fell about her face. And thus she sat, she knew not how long, resigning herself to her fate, making her peace with what she felt now must come. "Now," said she, "let me die!" And when once more the sleep of exhaustion came upon her she thought it that of death itself.

She wakened, none the less, in time—for strong indeed are the ties that bind us whether or not we like to this life into which we are born without our asking. She wakened and stared with hollow eyes about her at a world which she neither knew nor loved. But even so, at length her gaze found something to cause her eyes to kindle, her breath to come a trifle faster.

Far in the distance she had caught sight of the shore of distant land—the same sight which in turn had met the gaze of that friend whom now she mourned. It lay there low on the sea and distant—land, some sort of land, she knew not what.

She looked at it dully, apathetically. In truth, she was too far gone to care. Whether or not she retained consciousness through the remainder of her voyage, she herself could never tell.

At length, a weak and unimportant bit of foam of the sea, Kitty Gray was cast up upon the shore, reflected by the sea but now so eager to clutch her as its own. Yes, by some miracle, she dared not halt what she had been spared. This at least was land. If death must come, it was not now to be death through peril of the sea.

Wearily she lifted herself from her bed upon the sand, raised herself upon an elbow to look about her.

What she saw gave her no great delight. Rather, had she had strength left for terror, she had known additional terror now.

Approaching from a distance were certain figures, inhabitants of this land, whose look she could not recognize, whose language she could not understand. They approached, shouting, gesticulating. They were armed, and they advanced upon her menacingly.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

It Always Helps

says Mrs. Sylvania Woods, of Clifton Mills, Ky., in writing of her experience with Cardui, the woman's tonic. She says further: "Before I began to use Cardui, my back and head would hurt so bad, I thought the pain would kill me. I was hardly able to do any of my housework. After taking three bottles of Cardui, I began to feel like a new woman. I soon gained 35 pounds, and now, I do all my housework, as well as run a big water mill."

I wish every suffering woman would give

CARDUI

The Woman's Tonic

a trial. I still use Cardui when I feel a little bad, and it always does me good."

Headache, backache, side ache, nervousness, tired, worn-out feelings, etc., are sure signs of womanly trouble. Signs that you need Cardui, the woman's tonic. You cannot make a mistake in trying Cardui for your trouble. It has been helping weak, ailing women for more than fifty years.

Get a Bottle Today!

If You

Need anything in the Hardware line we will be pleased to have you call and get our prices.

J. L. WALKER,

"The Hardware Man"

HOOVER HOTEL

EUROPEAN PLAN

Large, Well Ventilated Sanitary Rooms

Good Service

Reasonable Rates

COLUMBUS

NEW MEXICO

The Store With A Reputation

Teas and Coffees. Swan Down Flour.

Buy your groceries from the largest grocery house in town. We have every advantage in buying and therefore we can sell to your advantage at a correspondingly low rate.

WE WANT YOUR GROCERY BUSINESS

JAS. T. DEAN COMPANY.

"That miserable pain—don't you want relief?"



Close attention to work is the cause of much Pain and many Headaches. Obtain relief by taking one or two

DR. MILES'

ANTI-PAIN PILLS

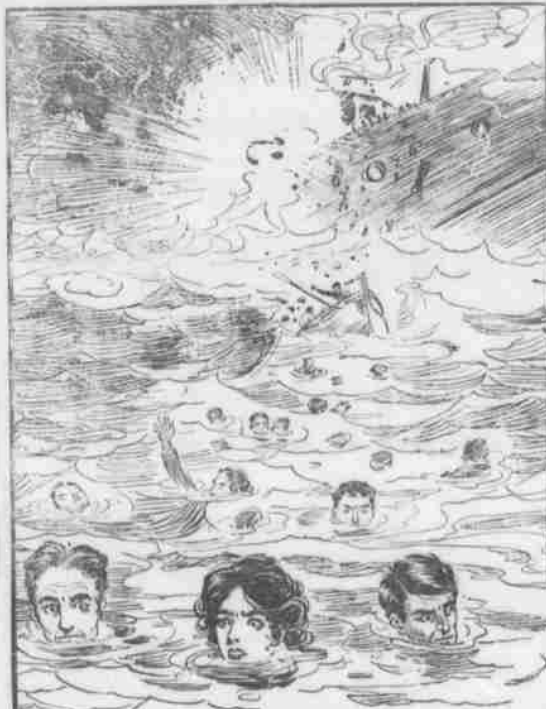
Then tone up the Nervous System by using

Dr. Miles'

Restorative Nervine

AWFUL SUFFERING. "I suffered awful agony with neuritis. I thought I would go mad with pain. A friend of mine advised me to take Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills. I did so and the pain stopped almost at once. Then I commenced using Dr. Miles' Restorative and before long I was so that I did not have those pains any more."—H. J. WINTER, 381 E. Fifth Ave., Colorado Springs, Colo.

IF FIRST BOTTLE, OR BOX, FAILS TO HELP YOU, YOUR MONEY WILL BE REFUNDED.



They Rose After an Agonizing Instant Which Seemed Death Itself.

they rose now as they had been, with both bare marks of conflict, and of conflict which had not gone altogether to their favor.

"How, now, you dogs?" cried the captain. "What's wrong with you? Have you been fighting among yourselves?"

One, quicker witted than the other, gave his assent to this at once. The second was not so fortunate.

"Twas the animals," said he, with cunning not quite equal to the issue.

"What? You disagree, then?" said the captain. "What does this mean, fellows? Animals? What animals? Lions? Tigers? I did not know we carried such!"

The sailor hung his head, and the captain's suspicions grew.

"You are covering up something here. Speak, you ruffians, and speak the truth."

"Captain," began the man once more, "we are innocent. But we found two stowaways below, and thinking to bring them up, they fell upon us and beat us—a man and a woman."

"How did they get aboard—where are they then—who are they?"

"They must have come in with the freight by the lift from the dock, captain. The young woman—she is beautiful—and as you say, she is like a tiger. As to the man, yes, he was like a lion. They fought us, you see."

"Where are they now, apishaboo, ruffians?"

"The speaker paused suddenly. 'They are there in the hold,' he said."

"Lead us to them then."

They turned to find their way to the lower portions of the ship, but even as they did so they met an interruption. An agitated man, grizzled and dirty, in old-fashioned clothing, came running towards the captain's room—none less than the chief engineer of the vessel, who obviously had been engaged in commoner duties than naturally belonged to him.

hurried search in the confused freightage of the ship's hold. At last he found that which he sought.

She tried busily to raise herself as she heard footsteps, heard a voice she knew to be that of her friend.

"Mademoiselle—thank God!" was all Count Frederick could say.

"It is you, then?" was her reply.

"What has happened? Why are you here?"

"I am here, my dear mademoiselle, in the justice of the immortal gods—to save you—to care for you. I heard of the plot against you. My own heart has alongside—I have come. I am here to take you from this ship, if so you wish. Come then, let us hasten. There is scant time."

They all crowded now to the ladders up from the hold, and, rapidly as they might, found their way back to the upper deck. There came confusion, noise, trampling, shouts, sounds not ordinary at this stage of the voyage of a vessel putting out to sea. The passengers themselves suspected something to be wrong. They crowded now about the captain excitedly, exclaiming. The master of the ship pushed them aside.

"Wait, Miller," he demanded again of the oft-attended engineer who hurried up. "What is it?"

"It may be a minute, sir—or less!"

In an instant they were face to face with the ultimate peril of the voyage, explosion on shipboard.

There came from below that sound which had been expected, dreaded—a muffled, heavy roar, comparable to quaking in the world in terrifying quantity at such a time as this. The ship so lately safe and strong beneath them all, now trembled. Midway her decks rose, spread apart, fell. A cloud of blinding white steam rolled from the engine rooms, stifling and scalding all within its way. Cries of anguish came from below decks, cries of despair. To these were added now the far more